

A New Song.

ONE Evening at Tea,
Says Lord Fiddle de Dee,
To York I'm determin'd to go,
For I will if I can,
Be a Parliament Man,
My dear, said my Lady, no—no.
Tol de rol, tol de rol, &c.

Of this be assured,
That you ought to be cured,
Of Elections and Matters of State;
For Pom'let you know
Will too clearly shew
Our Disasters were heavy and great.
Tol de rol, &c.

My Dear, if you please,
Pray do not thus teaze,
I beg you'll be easy and civil;
I can soon you will see,
An Ambassador be,
And the Freemen may go to the Devil.
Tol de rol, &c.

But as I'm a sinner,
I can't talk *before Dinner*,
So to help me I'll get DICKY MILNES,
Who—in a few Days,
Can *prepare*, with great ease,
A fine Speech that will *cure all our Ills*.
Tol de rol, &c.